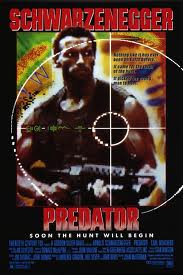
Predator, directed by John McTiernan and scripted by Jim and John Thomas



I choose the movie Predator as my work of art for The Most Dangerous Game because it is about an alien that comes to earth to hunt humans because of their ability to fight back in a hunt and think.

A Hunted Hunter By: Dave Ben'Dafe

Like my forebear, a hunter I am. Skillfully, I hunt'd on life's every field. With my horde I ran life's race, Chased anything that cross'd my path. Undaunted I hunted for wild games, Until with awe they mention my names. On life's every ground my arrows flew ‘n' hordes furrow'd, For fame ‘n' a place on life's pages I hunt'd too. I hunted for love ‘n' everything that came with it. For fortune's hand I also wooed, Till my nest she made her rest. Then for power I go trapping, Till my muscles out they puffed. After every pleasure I hunted. For knowledge I hunted too till I a sophist be. Then I hunted for friendships, to fill a void within my breast. The more I hunt the more miserable I become. Now everything I possess'd. me it possessed, Till every game I hunted me they hunt. Like me, so 're you. For various prey you did hunt. Take heed folks, lest you fall; A prey of the very games you did hunt. For all our lives, after vanity we hunts At our death we're choked by regret, Then we ask if ‘twas worth the while. For games dearest to us we left unhunt'd, While hunt'd by the needless games we did hunt. Before you draw that bow, make sure it's worth the kill. So like me you're not preyed by your prey.

This poem relates to the story because it is about hunting.



I choose the picture because it is an office and it represents the organization and devotion to work of office life.

Office Work By: Rowan Truebody

Small minded people, with minds filled with mush

They whinge and they moan, about nothing so much

At the things that don’t matter, don’t matter a jot

They talk and they talk, saying nothing, not a lot

Then they panic and shout, “my time’s running out”

It’s never their fault, the guilt is not theirs

But the longer the speech, the louder the shout

The smaller the amount of work put out….

I choose this poem because it is about office life.

The Bismarck listing to port and sinking by the stern By: Dennis Andrews

I choose because the British sunk the Bismarck after it sunk the HMS Hood to get revenge. It relates to The Cask of Amontillado because it is about Montresor getting revenge on Fortunato.

Sweet Revenge By: Matt Pyke

Left for dead, This worlds so bleak, No power left inside, Not even for me to speak, Hurt so many times, But never truly healed, No you cannot see them, My emotional scars are sealed, Sometimes they ask me, Have I always been this way? It breaks my heart to answer, But it is the truth that I must say, No I have not always, But probably will always be, The darkness that dwells inside, Is the living part of me, I’ve kept it in for so long, So much anger never let out, Struggled with every tantrum, Suppressing the urge to shout, But the turning point is now, You will not be my demise, I will uplift my spirit, And spring to your surprise, No longer will you hurt me, No more pain will I feel, This day will end my sorrows, And break that holy seal, My emotions will flow with hatred, And death you will meet, Through this day of reckoning I have realized, Revenge through success is sweet.

I choose this poems because it symbolizes revenge.

Storm of the Reichstag By: V. Bogatkin



I choose this panting as my work of art for The Lady or the Tiger because it is about war which symbolizes humanities violent nature.

The War Works Hard By: Dunya Mikhail

How magnificent the war is! How eager and efficient! Early in the morning it wakes up the sirens and dispatches ambulances to various places swings corpses through the air rolls stretchers to the wounded summons rain from the eyes of mothers digs into the earth dislodging many things from under the ruins... Some are lifeless and glistening others are pale and still throbbing... It produces the most questions in the minds of children entertains the gods by shooting fireworks and missiles into the sky sows mines in the fields and reaps punctures and blisters urges families to emigrate stands beside the clergymen as they curse the devil (poor devil, he remains with one hand in the searing fire)... The war continues working, day and night. It inspires tyrants to deliver long speeches awards medals to generals and themes to poets it contributes to the industry of artificial limbs provides food for flies adds pages to the history books achieves equality between killer and killed teaches lovers to write letters accustoms young women to waiting fills the newspapers with articles and pictures builds new houses for the orphans invigorates the coffin makers gives grave diggers a pat on the back and paints a smile on the leader's face. It works with unparalleled diligence! Yet no one gives it a word of praise.

The Parable of the Blind Leading the Blind By: Pieter Bruegel



The Lottery Of Life by: Kevin Moss

The lottery of life holds great mystery, no one knows what's coming, or what's going to be. We can't decide our parents, or in which land we are born, it may start in a ghetto, or a crown you may adorn. Blessed with life's good fortune, or cursed with mysery, the lottery of life, always a mystery. Whether born in shops doorway, or penthouse in the sky, who says what soul should go where, fate or god in heaven high. To be gifted with great knowledge, or ignorance be served, recieve whats not expected, or get what is deserved To view our coming prospects is blind to you and me, the lottery of life, always a mystery. Is all in life that happens, just a stroke of luck, or words put down in a heavenly, universal book. Has all life been written in that book of stone, or by the wind of chance our future history been blown. Whatever's in the future, we will never see, the lottery of life, always a mystery.

This poem symbolizes The Lottery because it is about how life holds mysteries and in The Lottery the towns people never know who it will be that “wins”.